

About Plays
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

It has been definitely decided that Norworth & Shannon's chummy musical revue, "Odds and Ends of 1917," shall go into the new Norworth Theatre, in West 45th Street, on Nov. 19. Broadway has heard much of this show, one reason being that it has been playing to capacity business for several weeks on the road without a New York reputation. Heading the cast are Harry Watson Jr., Lillian Lorraine and Jack Norworth. Half a dozen theatres have been offered Norworth & Shannon for this attraction, but they have preferred to wait for the Norworth to be completed. The firm is assured the house will be ready on Nov. 19.

Another opening just announced is that of Edwin Childs Carpenter's comedy, "Pipes of Pan," which will go into the Hudson Theatre next Tuesday evening. Selwyn & Co. are the producers. Featured in the cast are Janet Beecher and Norman Trevor.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Thanksgiving Day is coming, and it's not so far away. 'Most all of us can offer thanks for blessings on that day. But over on the other side, where men are out to kill, there lives a King whose thanks will be a joke—he's Kaiser Bill. He'll bow his head and have his say. It ought to sound like this: "Oh, Sir, I offer thanks today for war's infernal hiss. It's brought me joy to see men die before my awful hate. I thank you for the carnage here. For me it's simply great." To make it right his words should be addressed to Nick, below, for he is Satan's handy man, in charge of earthly woe. Thanksgiving Day is coming, and it's not so far away. Oh, would that Bill could thank old Nick in person on that day.

L'ARGENTINA TO DANCE.

L'Argentina, a noted Spanish classic dancer, has become premiere danseuse of Valverde's new revue, "The Land of Joy," which will open at the Park Theatre to-night. She has been dancing in various cities of the United States and Canada for a year. Her first appearance in this country was at a private performance of the Colony Club in 1914.

TO HIRE FIGHTERS' WIVES.

The children's 1-cent war tax on theatre tickets is going to cause a lot of extra work at the theatres, especially at the Hippodrome, which is attended by thousands of youngsters weekly. At the big playhouse the 10 per cent. tax will be charged when each ticket is bought, and the children will be given refund checks which will get their tax money back for them, all but the 1 cent. To handle these checks Charles Dillingham is to establish booths in various parts of the house. Twelve women will be employed to have charge of the booths, and Mr. Dillingham has decided to engage wives of men enlisted in the Government's fighting forces. They should apply by mail to Arthur Fiohr, the Hippodrome.

TO PLAY "THE TRIUMPH."

Mrs. Josephine Turk Baker has written a play called "The Triumph," which will be presented at the Warburton Theatre, Yonkers, Thursday evening, with a good cast headed by Katherine Hyman and Goldwin Patton. It tells a story of Napoleon, Frederick Warde will do the prologue and epilogue.

GLEASON TO OFFICIATE.

Jack Gleason will be master of ceremonies at Elizabeth's Greatest Show, to be held in the Second Regiment Armory, Elizabeth, N. J., Friday night. He's asking all his friends to slip him some nifty tales to tell between acts.

GOSMIP.

Business is so good at the Columbia that a second box office has been opened.

M. H. Karper and H. Fletcher Rivers are producing a new miniature musical comedy for vaudeville. Jack Jahrmakht has resigned as office assistant to Walter Kingsley at the Palace.

"The Drawing of the Sword," from the Rosemary Pageant, will be a feature of the naval show at the Hippodrome Sunday evening.

A new actor from France will make his American debut in "Service," under the management of Harrison Grey Fluke and Madison Corey. He is Georges Flateau.

After the performance of "Cheer Up" to-night the girls of the water spectacle are to have a Halloween party in the Hippodrome's big pool. They'll dive for apples and everything.

A number of ministers of the Gospel were the guests of A. H. Woods at the performance of "On With the Dance," at the Republic last night. Others will attend to-night.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Charles Porter is the porter at the Porter House, Porter, Pa.

FOOLISHMENT.

The rain beats down on the water child. And the earth it looks pretty damnable still. Then I sit and say as my face turns white: "I hope that my rain coat is out tonight."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Why are a smoker's pipes hum-boggy?"

"I give it up."

"Because the heat are mere shams."

"I give it up."

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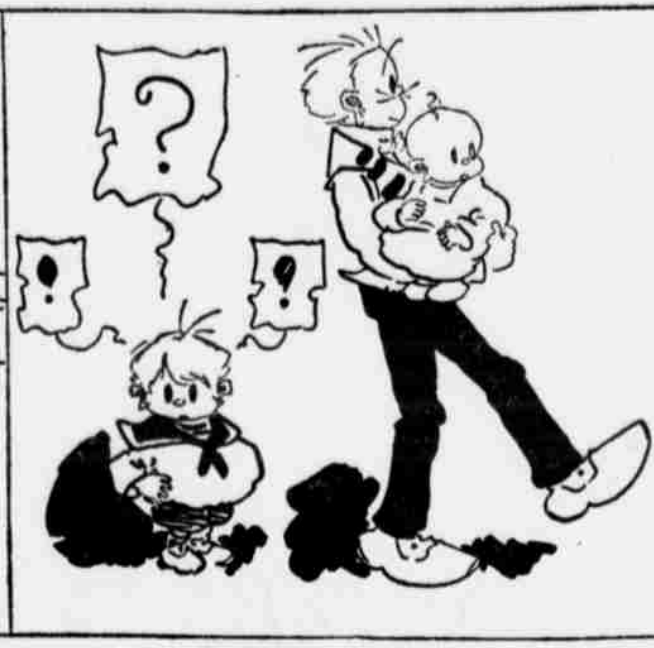
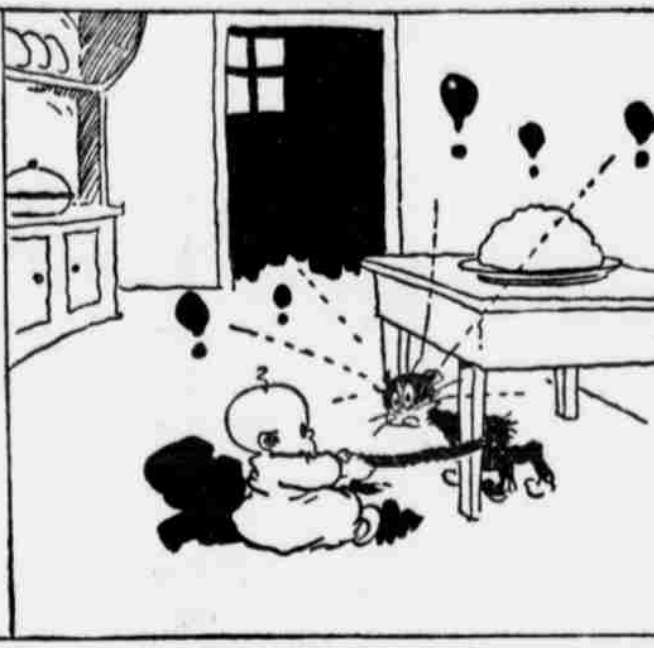
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THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



"S'MATTER, POP?"



BACHELOR BILL

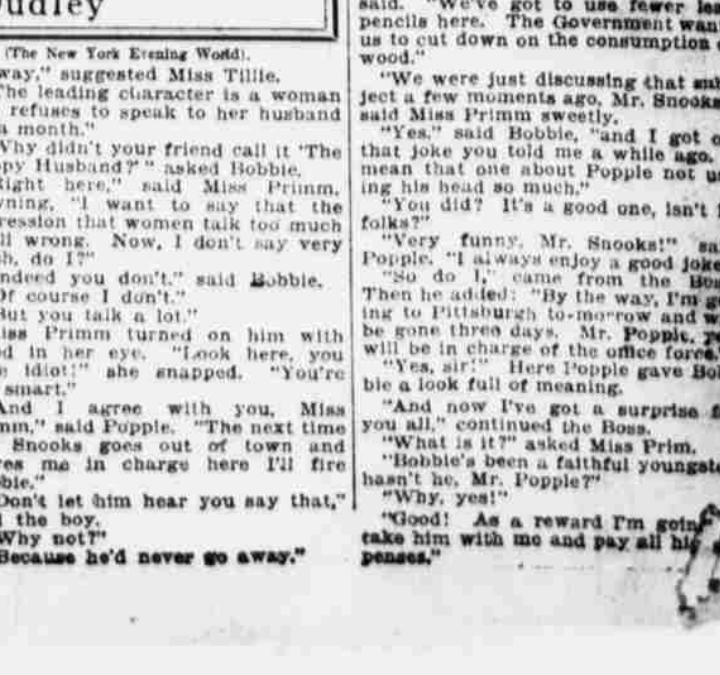
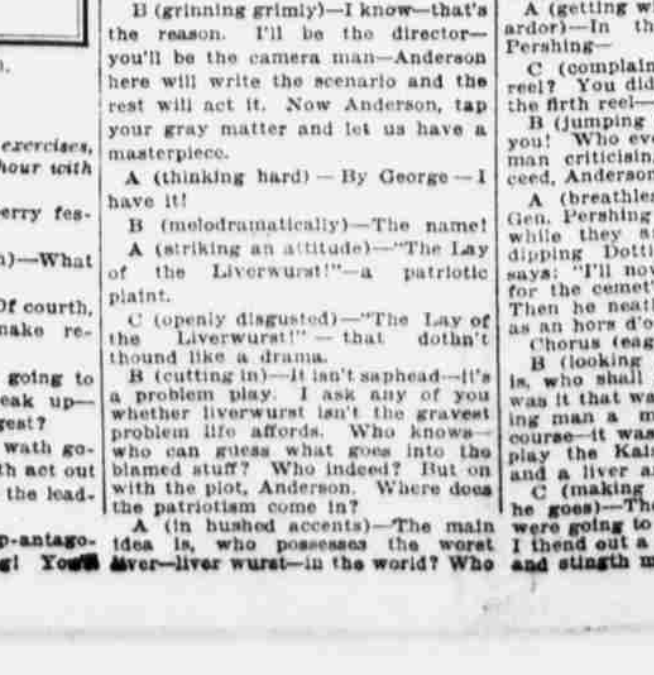
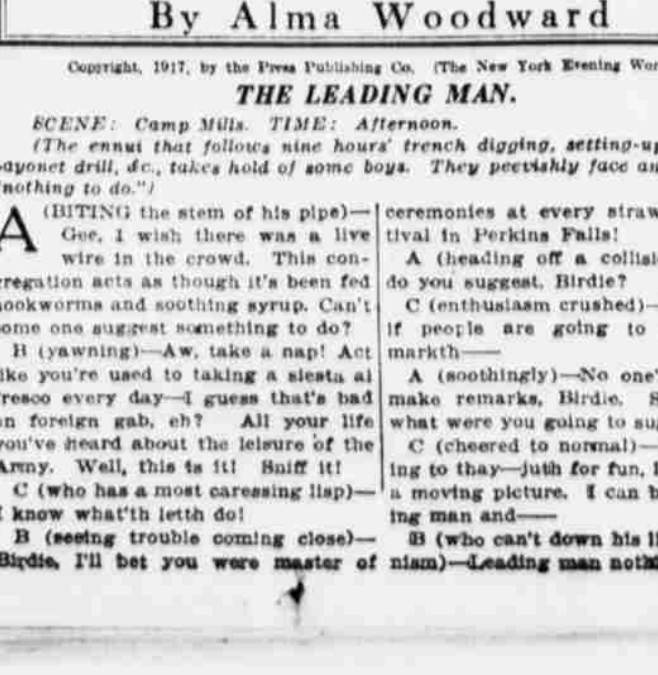


"SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK"



THE NATIONAL BATH NIGHTS INCLUDE 52 SATURDAYS AND HALLOWE'EN!

By Jack Callahan



Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

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THE LEADING MAN.

SCENE: Camp Mills. TIME: Afternoon. (The ensuit that follows nine hours' trench digging, setting-up exercises, layonet drill, etc., takes hold of some boys. They peevishly face an hour with "nothing to do.")

A (biting the stem of his pipe)—Gee, I wish there was a live wire in the crowd. This congregation acts as though it's been fed hookworms and soothing syrup. Can't some one suggest something to do?

B (yawning)—Aw, take a nap! Act like you're used to taking a siesta all fresco every day—I guess that's had on foreign gab, eh? All your life you've heard about the leisure of the Army. Well, this is it! Sniff it!

C (who has a most caressing lip)—I know what's left do!

B (seeing trouble coming close)—Birdie, I'll bet you were master of ceremonies at every strawberry festival in Perkins Falls!

A (heeding off a collision)—What do you suggest, Birdie?

C (enthusiasm crushed)—Of course, if people are going to make remarks—

A (soothingly)—No one's going to make remarks, Birdie. Speak up—what were you going to suggest?

C (cheered to normal)—I was going to say—just for fun, let's act out a moving picture. I can be the leading man and—

B (who can't down his lip-antagonism)—Leading man nothing! You be the camera man.

C (plaintively)—No, I want to be the leading man. There isn't any camera here!

B (grinning grimly)—I know—that's the reason. I'll be the director—you'll be the camera man—Anderson here will write the scenario and the rest will act it. Now Anderson, tap your gray matter and let us have a masterpiece.

A (thinking hard)—By George—I have it!

B (melodramatically)—The name! A (striking an attitude)—"The Lay of the Liverwurst!"—a patriotic plaint.

C (openly disgusted)—"The Lay of the Liverwurst!"—that dothn't sound like a drama.

B (cutting in)—It isn't saphead—it's a problem play. I ask any of you whether liverwurst isn't the gravest problem life affords. Who knows—who can guess what goes into the blamed stuff? Who indeed? But on with the plot, Anderson. Where does the patriotism come in?

A (in hushed accents)—The main idea is, who possesses the worst liver—liver wurst—in the world? Who but the Kaiser! If he were robbed of his liver, the Prussian dynasty would lose its biliousness forever.

B (grabbing him by the wrist)—Yes, yes!

A (getting wildly excited at his own ardor)—In the last reel, General Pershing—

C (complaining mildly)—The lath reel? You didn't say anything about the fifth reel—where's the—

B (jumping on him)—Sufficient for you! Who ever heard of the camera man criticizing the scenario? Proceed, Anderson.

A (breathlessly)—In the last reel (Gott Pershing goes up to Bill Kaiser while they are both watching the dipping Dotties at Deauville, and says: "I'll now slice your symmetry for the cemetery with my scimitar!" Then he neatly carves out his liver as an hors d'oeuvre for the seagulls. Chorus (eagerly)—Pine! Great!

B (looking around)—The question is, who shall play the Kaiser. Who was it that was crying to be the leading man a minute ago? Why, of course—it was you, Birdie! You shall play the Kaiser! You've got a lip and a liver and everything!

C (making tracks and walling as he goes)—Thomthings told me you were going to do it wrong—whenver I thend out a thought it cometh back and stings me!

Liver Torpid?

Wake It Up With
TAPS

It Stimulates the Liver to Produce the Necessary Bile which Acts as an Intestinal Antiseptic Tonic, causing healthy, regular and normal Bowel action.

Remedies Auto-intoxication, Gastric, Effective—Purifies Beneficial

Get a box—10¢ All Drug Stores.

Bartlett's Liver Tonic, 10¢ All Drug Stores.

Get a box—10¢ All Drug Stores.

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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POPPLE, the Shipping Clerk, dropped his newspaper. "I see by this paper," he said, "that the Government is asking the people not to waste wood."

"You want to be careful not to use your head too much," said Bobbie, the Office Boy, grinning.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" chuckled Miss Prim, Private Secretary to the Boss.

"Are you insinuating that I'm a blockhead?" Poppie demanded of the boy.

"He was only joking," said Miss Tillie, the Blonde Stenographer.

"Listen, folks," said Spooner, the mild little Bookkeeper. "What's the use of scrapping? Let's change the subject and see if we can't get along more pleasantly. I dined with a play-wright last night. He's writing a play called "Two Tons of Iron."

"Heavy drama, I'd imagine," said Bobbie.

"It ought to please the junk men, anyway," suggested Miss Tillie.

"The leading character is a woman who refuses to speak to her husband for a month."

"Right here," said Miss Prim, frowning. "I want to say that that impression that women talk too much is all wrong. Now, I don't say very much, do I?"

"Indeed you don't," said Bobbie.

"Why didn't you talk a lot?"

Miss Prim turned on him with blood in her eye. "Look here, you little idiot!" she snapped. "You're too smart."

"And I agree with you, Miss Prim," said Poppie. "The next time Mr. Snooks goes out of town and leaves me in charge here I'll fire Bobbie."

"Don't let him hear you say that," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"Because he'd never go away."

The Office Force

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"Poppie!" said Poppie. "He's going away soon. You might as well begin looking for another job."

Mr. Snooks, the Boss, came in just then. "Good morning, folks!" he said. "We've got to use fewer lead pencils here. The Government wants us to cut down on the consumption of wood."

"We were just discussing that subject a few moments ago," Mr. Snooks said Miss Prim sweetly.

"Yes," said Bobbie, "and I got off that joke you told me a while ago. I mean that one about Poppie not using his head so much."

"You did? It's a good one, isn't it, folks?"

"Very funny, Mr. Snooks!" said Poppie. "I always enjoy a good joke."

"So do I," came from the Boss. "Then he added: 'By the way, I'm going to Pittsburgh to-morrow and will be gone three days. Mr. Poppie, you will be in charge of the office force.'"

"Yes, sir." Here Poppie gave Bobbie a look full of meaning.

"And now I've got a surprise for you all," continued the Boss.

"What is it?" asked Miss Prim.

"Bobbie's been a faithful youngster, hasn't he, Mr. Poppie?"

"Why, yes!"

"Good! As a reward I'm going to take him with me and pay all his expenses."